

THE ENTERPRISE

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War nowadays largely consists of moving capitals.

Is this really a free country? A woman aged 75 years was refused a marriage license in Philadelphia.

The blank charge is justly entitled to a place in the same rank with the didn't-know-it-was-loaded gun.

Fortunately this country is not under bonds to engage in all the wars cut out for it by the Paris papers.

All the world's a stage and there are some people who think the thunder and lightning accessories the main show.

Newell Dwight Hillis: "Young man, dare to be poor," promises to be more generally followed than the old "dare to be rich."

A poker game—no limit—between J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie would be an event well worth chronicling in United States financial history.

The Texas woman who insisted upon getting a divorce from her husband before she consented to elope with a married man certainly gave an exhibition of fine ethical discrimination.

The new mustache-shaping apparatus brings the Kaiser Wilhelm style of upper lip adornment within the reach of the humblest individual who can raise the mustache and the price.

Every boy criminal nowadays is said to owe his penchant for crime to degeneracy. In the old-fashioned days it was called by the more expressive, but less euphonious name of general cussedness.

More than a thousand libraries have been placed on American naval vessels by the Seamen's Friend society. This class of philanthropy should not be limited to the navy. There is a generous field for it on the great lakes.

A whole baggage car has been stolen in Italy. However, the Italians are not "so many" after all. It will be recalled that a house was stolen in Chicago not long ago, and somewhere out West a whole town was taken from one site to another.

A New York chorus girl has married a London diamond dealer scheduled at \$85,000,000. The wedding announcement is accompanied by the information that the young woman will continue in the chorus. There are times when devotion to art appears to be unreasonable.

Have you an ideal in your life? If you have not you must be of all men most miserable. Life, without ideals, is to a thoughtful man unendurable. Yet Mrs. Burton Harrison says "Inconstancy to ideals is part of the spirit of the age." If Mrs. Harrison is correct in her diagnosis of our modern society, much of the spirit of unrest and riotous thought is explained. Ideality puts moral courage into the human soul. The loss of ideals is the loss of the soul. To be sure it is easy to lose one's ideal and it is a fine art to preserve it, but it ought to be cherished as the dearest possession of mortal existence. The pessimist has lost his ideal and the logical end of his thinking is despair. The optimist may lose one ideal but he selects a better one in its place and the logical end of his thinking is happiness.

The proverbial foible of many persons for concealing or misrepresenting their ages is proved by the census to be a reality. Careful scrutiny of the returns of population according to ages in successive census years shows that there is a widespread tendency among boys and girls to report themselves older than they really are, as if to anticipate manhood and womanhood. Among those who are approaching middle age, the tendency is in the opposite direction, namely to report themselves younger than they are. Finally, in the case of the very old, there is an inclination to add to their years. They seem to take pride in every year they have lived since they could boast that they were octogenarians. It is a little strange that this weakness of human nature should be so widespread, and that both men and women should be so sensitive upon the subject of their ages, seeing that there is no condition or circumstance of life for which the individual is less responsible than his age.

The Des Moines Register suggests that every village in Iowa should have a cannery factory. The idea is a good one, and as the Register estimates that a cannery plant, including a three horse-power boiler, can be set up for \$150, the plan is quite possible and is worthy of consideration not only in Iowa but in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, or other States where more vegetables and fruits are raised than are needed for immediate local consumption. Such factories would not only be a profitable investment for those who supplied the capital but they would be of great advantage to the town. Products that are perishable would be saved. Fruit and vegetables could be sold for better prices than if they were to be shipped in the raw condition to a larger city, where a cannery might be in operation. The cannery season comes at a time when school is not in session and children could find profit-

able employment in the factories. The trifling sum that it costs to start a factory would make it possible on a co-operative basis and the operation of the cannery would be advisable if only to preserve a sufficient amount of fruit and vegetables for the winter consumption of the people of the neighborhood. It would merely be the usual summer preserving done by the thrifty farmwife on a rather large scale.

A correspondent says there is a "crying need" in this country of a 75-cent piece. He believes the minting of such a coin would stimulate trade, for, according to him, the consumer is struck more forcibly by the cost of a 75-cent garment when he hands over for it half a dollar and a quarter dollar, being two coins, than he would be were he to hand over a 75-cent piece. This is not a convincing argument, and the Chicago Tribune thinks it is not inclined to agitate for the new coin, as the correspondent wishes it to. With the 1, 5, 10, 25 and 50 cent pieces it is easy to make change even when buying 30-cent and 49-cent articles, of which there seems to be about as many as there are 75-cent articles. There used to be 3-cent, 5-cent and 20-cent silver and 3-cent nickel pieces. Their coinage has been discontinued because it was found they answered no good purpose. During the fractional currency era 15-cent shipplasters were put in circulation. It was claimed that they would be quite useful because there were so many articles which cost just 15 cents. The public did not take kindly to them, however. The silver dollar is too heavy to please the people. The weight of the half-dollar they do not complain of. It is possible they might not find fault with the weight of 75-cent pieces, though for a time they would confuse them with halves and dollars. There is absolutely no popular demand for this new coin, however. It never has occurred to anybody, except this correspondent, that a man will spend a 75-cent piece with less reluctance than a half and a quarter dollar.

The railway train service of the United States has always been esteemed the most enterprising as well as the most luxurious in the world. With the great American motto of "hurry up and don't waste time" as their incentive, the railroad companies have stopped at nothing in their efforts to increase the speed of their trains, while at the same time making it possible for the passengers to enjoy every comfort and convenience which they might have at home. To this end they have employed cooks, barbers, stenographers, telegraph operators, librarians, ladies' maids, and representatives of other trades and professions to travel on their trains and lend their ready services to the passengers. Now, as a climax, it is suggested that it may be well to employ ministers to hold services on the through trains which run on Sunday. It is announced that the object of the proposed arrangement is to make Sunday travel less objectionable to those who believe in a strict observance of the first day of the week. Railroad passengers, however, are likely to be of many different creeds, so that the same service will not appeal to all of them, and it is hardly to be expected that even the most enterprising of the railroad corporations will engage ministers representing all the different denominations. So long as trains run on Sunday there will doubtless be people who from choice or from necessity will patronize them. But before starting a "railway religious service" there would seem to be other reforms which are more pressing and more practical. The sometimes outrageous price charged for sleeping car accommodations might be made more reasonable; the dining car service on many roads might be improved in quality and made less expensive; the ventilation and heating of trains might be better looked after. Meanwhile the man who is forced to travel on Sunday and who at the same time wishes to observe the day properly may be able to do so without the necessity of bringing ministers into the corporation service.

Distinguished Opponents of Exercise.
A story is going the rounds that when William M. Evarts was asked the other day to what he ascribed his long life and excellent health, he replied: "I don't know, unless it is because I don't take any exercise."

Mr. Evarts isn't the only public man who has a theory that physical exercise, added to mental effort, is a waste of tissue which tends toward debility and shortening of life. Joseph Chamberlain is a conspicuous example. He spares himself all physical effort so far as he can. He will not walk up a single flight of stairs if he can help it. Senator Hanna is, perhaps, the most notable exponent of this practice in Washington. Vigorous as he is in speech and in mental effort, the Senator is seldom seen save in an attitude which suggests physical repose. The president walks daily. He feels badly without his constitutional. Nobody can remember to have seen Senator Hanna accompanying the president on a walk in the three years at Washington.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Thousands of Islands.
Between Madagascar and the coast of India there are about 16,000 islands, only 600 of which are inhabited, but most of which are capable of supporting population.

General Miles as a Pistol Shot.
Gen. Nelson A. Miles never neglects to put in at least half an hour every day at pistol practice, and in consequence is one of the best shots in the army.

The most successful misstatements are half truth and half falsehood.

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

"Significant Ignorance About the Bible," as shown among college students of both sexes, is the subject of an article in the Century, by the Rev. Charles F. Thwing, President of Western Reserve University.

"I sometimes ask myself," he writes, "whether the American people are really aware how far the Bible has ceased to be a force in both their literature and their theology. The Bible might continue to be a great force in literature; or one can easily think that the Bible might maintain a high place in literature and yet lose its primacy in theology. The critic is causing it to lose its theological value, and, apparently, among the people it is ceasing to be known as a classic should be known."

"In the early part of the college year of 1894-95, as the first exercise in a course of study in the Bible, I set for the members of the freshman class an examination paper composed of extracts from Tenneyson, each of which contained a biblical allusion not at all recollectible. To each of these thirty-four men twenty-two questions were put, which would demand seven hundred and forty-eight answers. The record shows that out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers, only three hundred and twenty were given."

"So much for the first test. Five years later I made a like test of college girls. The questions were identical, with a single exception. Of all the questions, every one was answered correctly by just one girl, and, what is rather more remarkable, her knowledge was so exact that to her replies to a good many of the questions she added the book of the Bible in which the reference is to be found. Another girl omitted the reply to the reference to Hezekiah, and gave incorrect answer to the one about the miracle at Cana of Galilee. Another omitted the references to Hezekiah and to Peter's sheet, and answered incorrectly the question of Pharaoh's darkness."

"The Bible societies may print the book by hundreds of thousands, but the people do not read it, or if they do read it, they are not impressed by it. Its history, whether received as veracious or as fabulous, is not known. Its heroes are less familiar than Jack the Giant-killer or Jack the Housebuilder. Its poetry is not appreciated. The majesty and the magnificence of its style, its deftness of phrase and sweetness of allusion, its perfection of literary form, as well as the profound significance of its ethical and religious teachings, are ceasing to be a part of the priceless possession of the community. Explain the condition as best we may, point out the results as one ought, yet the first emotion is one of grief over this impoverishment of humanity."

His Workers.
"One more day's work for Jesus," Trilled a little maiden sweet, As laden with fragrant roses, She passed through the dusty street. "One more day's work for Jesus," She carried the blossoms rare To the sick, the poor, the lonely, And they breathed a blessing there.

"One more day's work for Jesus," O'er the steaming tubs one sang, And through the thin, uncertain tones A note of rejoicing rang. "One more day's work for Jesus," She thought of that fountain free, And the ransomed throng who gather By the shining, crystal sea.

"One more day's work for Jesus," A weary one whispered low; Her work to patiently suffer Through the long years' ebb and flow. "One more day's work for Jesus," She counted each spent day gain, For each brought her one step nearer Release from sorrow and pain.

"One more day's work for Jesus," 'Twas a grimy laborer's song; He was bowed and aged and toil-worn, He had borne his burden long. "One more day's work for Jesus," Though the least among earth's poor, He was heir to life eternal, And a heavenly home secure.

"One more day's work for Jesus," Rose the faithful preacher's prayer, As with fervent heart he labored, Gathering with zealous care. "One more day's work for Jesus," A best work to him was given, To bear the weak and erring The message of grace from heaven.

"One more day's work for Jesus," Oh, grant us our Father, to see That the work that is done "for Jesus" Is hallowed, whatever it be. That the weary day-long duties Are as dear to the Master above, As sermon, or incense of roses, Than measure our deed by our love. —I. S. J. Strong.

A Great Preacher's Testimony.
In a conference address given a few years before his death, the great London preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, said: "After preaching the gospel for forty years, and after printing the sermons I have preached more than six and thirty years, reaching now to the number of 2,200, in weekly succession, I am fairly entitled to speak about the fullness and the richness of the Bible as a preacher's book. Brethren, it is inexhaustible. No question about freshness will arise if we keep close to the text of the sacred volume. There can be no difficulty about finding themes totally distinct from those we have handled before; the variety is as infinite as the fullness. A long life will

only suffice to skirt the shores of this great continent of light. In the forty years of my ministry I have only touched the hem of the garment of divine truth; but what virtue has flowed out of it! The Word is like its Author—Infinite, immeasurable, without end. If you were ordained to be a preacher through eternity, you would have before you a theme equal to everlasting demands."

The True Helpers.
Certainly, in our own little sphere, it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the common people whom we know, it is not necessarily those who are busiest, not those who, meteor-like are ever on the rush after some visible charge and work. It is the lives, like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. It seems to me that there is an assurance here for many of us who seem to have no chance for active usefulness. We can do nothing for our fellow-men. But still to know that we can be something for them; to know (and this we may know surely) that no man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness. —Phillips Brooks.

A Good Example.
When General Grant was in Paris the president of the republic, as a special token of respect, invited him to a place in the grand stand to witness the great racing which occurs in that country on Sunday. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the republic. Such a thing had never been heard of, but General Grant in a polite note, declined the honor and said to the French president: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." And when Sabbath came that great hero found his way to the American chapel, where he was one of the quiet worshippers. Such reverence for the Lord's day is as greatly needed now in this country as elsewhere.—Religious Telescope.

THE DEPARTMENT'S EYES.

How the War Officials Keep Track of the Men in Service.

A young army officer, who had seen service on the Arizona plains and on the Maine coast, and who is now in Cuba, tells two stories out of his own experience, to show the accuracy with which the War Department follows the movements of officers.

"I was with a small scouting party in Arizona," he says, "and after two weeks in the desert my squad came to the railroad near a small station. Within ten minutes a dispatch from Washington was brought to me by the station agent. It asked if I wished to be transferred to one of the two new artillery regiments then forming."

"I answered by telegraph that I should be glad to enter either of them. Then we set off again across the desert."

"It was six days later when we again struck the railroad, this time eighty miles from the point at which we had previously crossed it. But my reply from the department was awaiting me. It had been telegraphed to every station within 200 miles."

"A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after my transfer to the East. I was traveling home on leave, and as the regulations require, I had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of my journey. After I had been on the train for eight hours at a small station the porter entered with a telegram, asking if any one of my name was present. On opening the dispatch I found that it was from the adjutant general's office, ordering me on detached duty."

"Exactness of detail could not be carried much farther. The department knew the whereabouts of an insignificant second lieutenant, even when he was traveling on leave of absence."

Great in an Emergency.

"At Harper's Ferry on one occasion the flood in the Potomac was so great that it threatened the destruction of the costly railroad bridge, which was seen to shake in its unsteadiness," said former Gov. Thomas G. Jones. "When everybody present was looking each moment to see the bridge go down, President John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, arrived upon the scene. Appreciating the necessity of instant action, he gave an abrupt order for a loaded train of freight cars standing on a side track to be run with the locomotive on to the bridge and kept there."

"But, Mr. Garrett, that is a train-load of silk," said the local superintendent.

"I don't care; run out the cars," commanded the great master of railroads. It would be easier to pay for the silk than to build a new bridge."

"The 'silk train' was run on to the bridge and the structure was saved. The silk was being sent by rail across the continent from San Francisco, at which point it had been received from China and Japan. Garrett was a great man—one of the greatest of those who have aided in the material development of America. In emergencies he was very resourceful, as was demonstrated in perhaps a small way by the Harper's Ferry incident."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Horse Soup and Sausages.

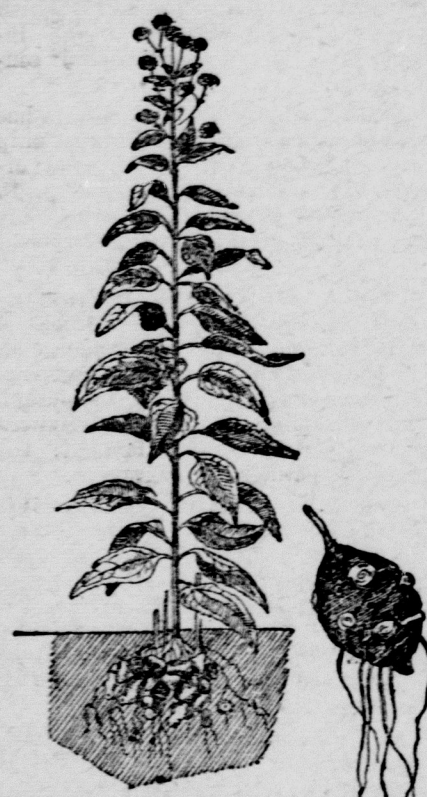
During the siege of Ladysmith 4,000 horses of the cavalry brigade were converted into soup or sausages in a single month.

The best way to conquer anger is to give it a dose of kindness.



Jerusalem Artichokes.

The Jerusalem artichoke is of the easiest culture. Its treatment is essentially that of a potato. If grown for the tubers, the stalks should be allowed to mature, so that if it is the purpose to allow the hogs to have the run of the lots and root for themselves, they should not be turned in till after mid-summer. The seed is sown in the form of detached tubers, just like potatoes, except that they are not cut to imitate single eyes. This plant belongs to the great sunflower tribe, and is called

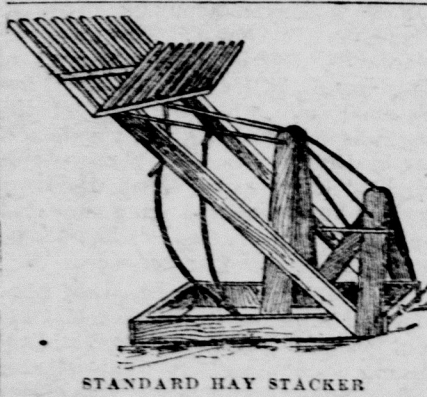


JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE. Single Tuber Shown at the Right.

Hellanthus tuberosus. A recent report of one of the experiment stations states that in fattening hogs excellent results have been secured, by giving them the run of the artichoke plot, and supplementing this food with a small amount of cornmeal each day. Artichokes will persist in the ground from year to year, wherever the soil is covered with a fair amount of snow during the winter. In case it was thought that the soil was too poor to give good returns, it might be enriched by sowing in the drill, at the time of planting, superphosphate at the rate of eight hundred to ten hundred pounds per acre. The feeding value of the Jerusalem artichoke has not been investigated to the extent that its importance deserves.

New Hay Stacker.

A Colorado man has invented a hay-stacker which is very simple in construction, strong and durable, and has no castings. It is a combination of base frame, swinging derrick and stationary



STANDARD HAY STACKER

standard. The standard is the most novel feature about this machine. It serves to shorten the draft and elevate the draw rope to the arc of a circle, the derrick being pivoted in the center of gravity, thereby minimizing the power required to elevate. The draft is the same at all points until the hay is delivered. One horse does the elevating. It is claimed that the new invention will do an equal amount of work in less than one-fourth the time required by the old-style derricks. Its capacity is estimated at from 75 to 100 tons a day.

Tomatoes as a Farm Crop.

The tomato seed was planted in a bed made by driving down stakes and nailing up wide boards and covering its nights and cold days. It was planted April 15 in rows 5 to 6 inches apart and covered one-half inch deep. The plants came up slowly, but grew well, and we raised about 8,000 from one-fourth pound of seed. The variety was Stone. The ground was plowed 7 to 8 inches deep, harrowed, cross-harrowed and marked in rows 3½ feet apart. We set just an acre, beginning to transplant May 24 and finishing June 7, setting the plants 3 feet apart and using 4,130. A few plants had to be reset, principally on account of cutworms.

The young plants were hoed June 12 and the weeds were cut out with a hoe on June 19, 24 and July 11. They were cultivated June 14 and 22. The tomato worms were not bad, but we went over the patch and killed 100. Some of the tomatoes were in bloom July 6 and the first were ripe Aug. 12. We began pick-

ing for the canning factory Sept. 1, and until Sept. 23, when we had a severe freeze, sold 14,530 pounds at 55 cents per ton, 18 bushels to the neighbors at 25 cents per bushel, and used 8 bushels at home. At the time of the freeze there were 3,000 pounds of tomatoes on the vines. Besides the above, there were sold 1,000 plants at 10 cents per 100, making a total of \$44.43 received. The picking cost 2 cents per crate, or 70 cents per ton. The cost was as follows: Preparing ground and planting seed \$2.25, seed 30 cents, transplanting and resetting \$3.05, cultivating \$5.50, harvesting and marketing \$12.95, total \$24.05, and profits \$20.38.

Distance Apart of Corn Hills.

When we were young we were taught to make the furrows for corn hills four feet apart each way, but later on we decided that 3½ feet each way was better, as giving many more hills to the acre, and afterward when truck farming we put sweet corn 3½ feet apart one way and three the other for all but the large evergreen varieties, and we found it to produce just as many ears to the hill and to fill them out just as well as when we used more space. We manured liberally, had the wide rows run nearly north and south to let the sun in, and used the cultivator only one way. The difference between the last method and the first one was the difference between 16 square feet to a hill and 11½ square feet, or we had 3,757 hills to the acre instead of 2,722, a gain of 1,035 hills or nearly a half acre. We never weighed the crop or counted the ears to know the actual gain in production, but our observation convinced us that there was a gain in the closer planting. If anyone has made or will make the test carefully to know the exact results we should be glad to publish it, but we shall stipulate that it must be on good soil made rich enough to produce a good crop and shall be well cared for.—American Cultivator.

Value of Shade Trees.

Trees have a distinct value on a place and add greatly to the enjoyment of the farm as a home and also to its selling value. The worth of a well grown tree will differ in different localities, of course, and there are few places in the west, comparatively treeless as the prairies are, where trees are worth as much as in the Eastern States. In a recent lawsuit in Niagara County, New York, a row of shade trees had been destroyed in front of a country home by the building of a trolley line, and expert testimony was called to settle their value. The trees had been planted twenty-six years and were mostly maple. The testimony showed thirteen of them to be worth \$100 each, nine were worth \$65 each, and a few others were appraised at \$125 each. These values were not reduced by the testimony of the defendant company that had destroyed the trees. As a country grows older adornments of this kind become more valuable because more appreciated and it would be hard to predict what a good, well-located shade tree would be worth twenty-six years hence.

Improved Horseshoe Nail.

Here is an invention which will not only decrease the cost of helping horses shod, but will also be the means of preventing many cases of sore feet and lameness. All horseshoes wear unevenly, and when so worn, though thick and unworn in many places, the whole shoe has to be removed on account of a part which has worn thin, but with this invention the thin part is made up level with, or thicker than, the thick part by the enlarged nail heads. By their use a shoe which would otherwise have to be removed can be retained, and the expense of a new shoe thereby avoided, in addition to which a better grip or adherence on the surface of the road is obtained by a horse's foot so shod.

Wool Prices.

It is evidently safe to predict that there will be higher prices on wool, both in this country and England, for the next five years than we have now, and it is not all due to the tariff. The number of sheep destroyed in Africa will have some effect in reducing the amount of wool produced there, but probably the largest falling off in wool production will be due to the number of sheep killed in Australia to furnish mutton for the armies in South Africa and the Philippines. There is little gain if not a decrease in the sheep kept in the Argentine Republic, as they have been killing many for mutton since the United States has ceased killing off her flocks. We anticipate an advance of 50 per cent. above present prices within five days.—American Cultivator.

Egg Eating.

A recent Canadian government report advocates beheading as the best remedy for egg-eating. This plan is too radical. Often egg-eating hens will be cured simply by furnishing dark nests. At other times, the cause of the habit is thin-shelled eggs, and feeding oyster shells will stop it. Furnishing animal food, especially chopped veal, is sometimes a cure. In some cases the fault is confined to two or three hens in the flock, and removing them will prevent the habit from spreading.

Rat Remedy.

Our barn and outbuildings were overrun with rats. Tried wire, water and steel traps—all to no purpose; neither would poison do the business to our satisfaction. At last, catching a live rat, she was promptly tarred with coal tar; after that released to have her own way. Well, she must have told the other rodents of how she had been treated. We do not see or hear much of them since.—Herman Ocker.

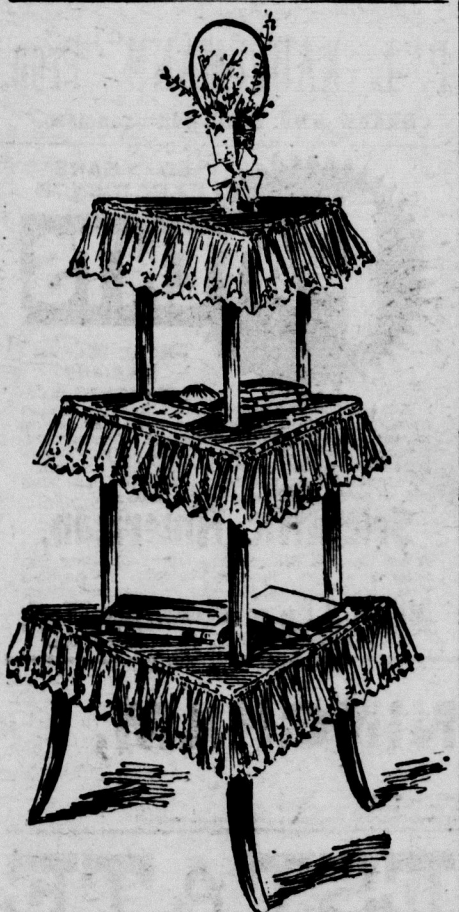
WOMEN

ABOUT EARLY MARRIAGES.

I think," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the charming May Success, "there is more danger of disaster in early marriages than in those contracted at full maturity. The youthful choice is apt to be unwise. The man whom a girl thinks she loves at 17 would rarely appeal to her so strongly if she were 25, and the girl whom a young man of 25 believes he would like to marry would probably not be his selection if he were 30. A knowledge of the world before marriage is conducive to contentment afterwards. The most unfortunate unions I have known were formed while the husband and wife were still in early youth. The man, when he assumes the responsibility of matrimony before he has reached maturity has had little or no experience in the typical bachelor life, and its attractions are likely to seem much greater to him than if he has already tested them. The wife who was married very early also feels the temptation to taste of life beyond the prosaic domestic circle, although usually in less degree than the man. She has not experienced enough of ballroom and summer resort flattery to have wearied of it and to have become cognizant of its emptiness. There seems to her to be gaiety in life which she whose youth has been devoted to home duties has never known, with the result that she, as well as her husband, becomes restless. Unless there are strong ties and will power to keep a husband and wife who are in this mental condition to the road which leads away from this temporary unrest, they may stray into bypaths which lead to dissatisfaction and ultimate misery. It is comforting to know, however, that the number of unhappy marriages is small compared to the immense number of marriages."

The Work Table.

A decorated table for a lady's room may be made either quite elegant or simple and dainty. The lower board is two feet at the long side and one foot seven and one-half inches on the two short sides; the second is one foot seven inches by one foot three and three-fourths inches, and the third is one foot two and one-half inches by one foot



A DECORATED TABLE.

one and three-eighths inches. These boards may be covered with linen, denim or tapestry with flounces to suit. The bottom legs are curved, one and one-half feet high. They might be made straight; the middle supports are eleven and three-fourths inches high and those above are eleven inches.

To Wash Corsets.

If it is necessary to wash corsets take out the steels in front and sides, then lay them on a flat surface, and with a small brush scrub them thoroughly with a tepid or cold lather of white castle soap. When quite clean let cold water run on them by holding them under a running faucet until the soap is all rinsed off. Pull them lengthwise until they are straight and shapely and let them dry in a cool place, pulling them again when partly dry. By this treatment they will retain their natural shape and wear for months afterward.

Heiress to \$1,000,000.

Mabel Eversole, a 15-years-old St. Louis girl, has just fallen heiress to \$1,000,000. She knows less about her fortune than many of her schoolmates, and is apparently very indifferent. She frankly admits that her only wish is to become a pianist, after she has acquired a good education and has been through college, which is the only plan she has, for spending her money.

Caring for Canary Birds. Says a woman who has made a special study of birds and their diseases, and is a famous bird doctor: "Do not allow them to hang in a draught and never hang the cage out of doors, either in summer or winter. The tem-

perature should not be allowed to fall below 65 degrees in the room where the bird is kept, and, if necessary, a covering should be put over the cage, except a small portion, at night. Lettuce, water cress or celery tops should be fed them frequently. When these are not easily procurable an excellent substitute is found by planting German black rape seeds in a pot. The canary is extremely fond of the little plants that soon spring up. Oranges, apples and split figs are good occasionally. Gravel must be supplied in abundance. Hemp seed is objectionable, as it tends to fatten the bird and thus spoil its song. If fed on proper food, kept in clean cages and given shelter from draughts, disease rarely makes its appearance."

Captured a Man.

Mrs. F. G. Runa, of St. Louis, is not afraid of men who break into her house. She was in court the other day and calmly told how she captured a supposed daylight burglar. Mrs. Runa's cook discovered a man in her room. He was rifling her trunk, and she screamed. He ran. So did Mrs. Runa, with a pistol in her hand, when she heard the cook scream. She headed the man off and brought him to a halt by firing a shot. She then kept him covered with the revolver until the police arrived.



MRS. RUNA.

More Sleep for Women.

It is a well-known fact among physicians, nurses and those generally interested in the restoration of health that the percentage of women among the middle and upper classes who retire early is very small. There are many women so constituted that the wear and tear of daily life consumes to a great extent their vitality, which can only be restored by means of perfect repose. Especially are long, unbroken hours of rest necessary for wives and mothers, all of whom are giving their strength unreservedly and getting little physically in return save that which is derived from sleep. Those who earnestly desire to use the most effective means for the preservation of health and beauty should not fail to keep early hours.

Where the Fault Lies.

Women make society; they are accountable largely for the faults of the male portion of it, at least for the growth and extent of fault; if men fall short it is because women have not demanded higher standards. And if the woman who works is not treated with the same courtesy as she whose delicately gloved hand holds her own bank-book, it is the fault of that same dainty hand which is not held out in kind comradeship to one that wields pencil or scissors. Men get their cue from woman's treatment of woman. But men are rarely unkind; theirs is rather the absence of kindness; and of the two the latter were preferable.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Habit to Be Avoided.

Attention is called to those essentially feminine habits of putting pins in the mouth, or moistening a pencil with the lips. A pin swallowed means only a surgical case, but the greater danger lies in the contagion that may be lurking in the pin itself. Under the head of the pin, or in the point of the pencil, all kinds of malignant germs may be located, which will be transmitted by the mouth quicker than any other way. It hardly seems possible that anyone needs to be cautioned against holding money between his lips; yet a person can scarcely go any distance on a street car without noticing someone indulging in this dangerous and filthy habit.

Earrings Again.

Jewelers are announcing the return of earrings and are showing some very bizarre designs in Egyptian and old Italian effects, which they say women are going to wear. This periodical announcement is made with great regularity. Women having outgrown this barbarism, however, show a commendable reluctance in justifying the prediction.

Removing Rust from White Goods.

After trying many ways I at last found the following successful and extremely simple method of removing rust from white goods. Wash the article in the usual manner, and when it is ready to be boiled tie a little cream tartar in the rust spot, and when the article is boiled and rinsed the rust spot will have disappeared.—Mrs. W. A. Gwynn.

Good Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

BRAVE RHODA RIGGS.

ARIZONA GIRL NOT AFRAID TO PURSUE APACHES.

There Are Scaps to Her Credit, Though She Did Not Remove Them from Her Fallen Foes—How an Assassination Was Avenged.

A plucky girl is Miss Rhoda Riggs. At the head of a detachment of cavalry and with the escort of cowboys from the Riggs ranch, she pluckily pursued the Indians for five days and shot three of their number.

This exciting adventure was the result of the recent treacherous killing of J. D. Mack, a prospector in Piner Canyon, Arizona. He was shot from ambush by an Apache of the Chiricahua tribe, one of half a dozen who, in war paint, were out for murder and plunder. They took his ammunition, rifle and six-shooter and left him, as they thought, dead. He then painfully dragged his bleeding body over the sharp rocks of the trail to the Riggs ranch, where he knew he would receive kindly care, for Miss Riggs had often spoken cheering words to him when he came to her ranch after a fruitless search for gold in the mountains.

She heard his cries early in the morning, and, dressing hurriedly, ran down the trail in the direction the moans came from. Mr. Mack was almost exhausted and could scarcely speak. She took him in her strong arms and carried him to her cot, where she made him comfortable. The cowboys had started out to attend to their horses and Miss Riggs and her aged father were alone at the ranchhouse. She bandaged the wound of the injured man, and, learning the story of the shooting, quick as a flash buckled her six-shooter, which hung in a belt on the wall, about her waist and was off to the corral.

There she summoned one of the cowboys to attend to the injured man until her return, and, saddling one of her fastest horses, and taking a rifle, started on a run along the trail which cut across the foothills to Fort Grant, where she told the officers what had taken place. A detachment of cavalry was at once ordered to return with the



"I PULLED AWAY FROM THE MEN, TOOK GOOD AIM, AND FIRED."

young lady and run down the Indians if possible.

"We got sight of the Apaches and we never lost them," said Miss Riggs when she returned from the trip. "The Indians that went toward the pass were clever, for they left the trail one at a time, half a time or so apart, and bore off toward the high places where the band we followed hit for. The places where they left the trail were picked out so that the soldiers would not be able to tell unless they got off their horses and picked about in the grass where the blades were knocked down and trampled. All but one of the Indians jumped the trail, and the one who stayed with it led the soldiers through the pass and around the other side of the mountain and was going to take them to a place where the others could shoot them from ambush. The Indians that left the trail went up over the mountain and down the other side and they were about all together excepting the man who was herding the soldiers, when we saw them. We got out of the canyon and were not long in getting up on the side of the mountain. The Indians were just disappearing over the ridge when we caught a second glimpse of them. We lit out and went straight after them.

"I reckon it was about five miles of the hardest riding the boys ever saw. We sure sifted through the pines, and it was all I could do to keep the men from yelling, they were so glad that the Indians were in sight. We spotted the prettiest ambush you can imagine when we struck down the mountain side. There were the soldiers coming up on the trail of the lone Apache, who was leading them an interesting chase, and not a mile below us were half a dozen Indians hidden behind rocks so that the soldiers could not see them. They were getting ready to surprise the soldiers, and I reckon those brave men from Fort Grant would not have returned had it not been for us. We cached our horses in the pines where they could not be seen and crept down toward the Indians. There were only two rifles in our crowd and the other men had six-shooters. We could not fight unless we got up close, and this

we were trying to do. All the time the soldiers were getting nearer and I was afraid that they would be fired on and killed before we could engage the attention of the Apaches.

"Don't go any further, boys; I'm going to shoot," I said to the men, and they jumped toward me and tried to take my rifle from me.

"Can't you see that the Indians are getting ready to fire on the soldiers, and they will be right in range in a few minutes. Let me alone. I know what I'm about," I said, and I pulled away from the men, took good aim and fired. The Apache who was slowly leading the soldiers into the ambush of his companions dropped from his horse dead, and down we all went on the ground behind a big rock. The soldiers stopped in their tracks when the Indian fell, the ambushed redskins acted like crazy men and the soldiers bunched together and seemed uncertain what to do.

"I saw that the Indians had located our hiding place and their rifles were trained in our direction. It would not do for us to move, because we could not fire at such long range with six-shooters, and the soldiers could not figure out who killed the lone Apache they were trailing. They were too far off to do us any good, but I told the boys that I would start things moving and requested my man, with the other rifle, to go after the Indians with me from the best place he could find in the rocks. So we just peppered away and the Indians came at us, but did not hit even so much as a piece of leather. We could see them getting into their saddles and in a moment three of them lit out down the mountain, with the soldiers after them. The other three were done for."

Place de la Concorde.

There is said to be no equal in the world to this grand and imposing square of Paris. On one side of it is the Tuilleries, on the opposite side the Champs Elysees, and on a third the River Seine. In the center stands the obelisk of Luxon, a magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, seventy-four feet high and weighing five hundred thousand pounds. This obelisk was one of two of the same shape and size, erected in 1350 B. C., by Rameses the Great, at the entrance of the Temple of Thebes. Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French government, and in 1836 it was re-

moved to its present position in the Place de la Concorde. The removal and erection on the new site required an outlay of eighty thousand pounds, the obelisk being transported to France in a vessel built especially for the purpose. The Place de la Concorde is rich in historic interest. It was there that the guillotine was erected in the "reign of terror," after the death of Louis XVI., and it was there that the signal was given for the attack on the bastille in 1789. Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette were beheaded there in 1793, and it was the scene of great rejoicing in 1848, when France was proclaimed a republic. The Place de la Concorde has also been termed the Place Louis XV. and Place de la Revolution.

A Matter of Principle.

"No, my dear," said a fashionably dressed woman, whose little girl was gazing into a shop window on Chestnut street recently, "those large eggs you see are not fit for Easter. They are ostrich eggs, and the ostrich is not a religious bird."

"What nonsense!" interjected her husband. "Buy the child one if she wants it."

"It would be against my principles," replied the wife, firmly. "It is the duty of an ostrich to hatch eggs and raise feathers for our hats, and I will not assist in limiting the supply. Your benevolent fanatics are depriving us of all the birds of the air for millinery purposes, and I insist that the only available bird that runs on the ground must not be diverted from the real object of its existence."

Although rather dazed by this line of argument, the husband and father entered the store and priced the eggs. When he came out he admitted that there was considerable truth in what his wife had said.—Philadelphia Record.

Novel Railway.

In the western part of British Columbia is a novel railway, two miles in length. The rails are made of trees from which the bark has been stripped, and these are bolted together. Upon them runs a car with grooved wheels ten inches wide.

Georgie's Gab

Ma Takes a Riding Lesson.

When Ant Fanny was over to our House on Her bicycle Day before yesterday afternoon she forgot when maw Got her to sta fer dinner that she Didn't have no latern, so when it was Gittin purty near Dark she thot about it and Didn't no what to Do. Maw told her it would be perfectly safe, So she left the wheel at our House and was Comin Back fer it the next mornin.

After she Had went paw says to maw: "Now's a good Time fer you to learn to ride. You of to no How. Then you can go wheelin with me Sumtimes and not Be gotten at Home here 'Thinkin I am goin whaire I ain't got no Bizness to go when I'm out alone."

Maw she Didn't want to at Furst Becos it was so Hot, But me and paw got Her to Come out after while and paw was on one side and me on the other and the Pupp and little Albert Frolicken around the Outscurts.

"Now Don't Be a Blame fool," paw Says when maw was on and Begin jiggling the Handle Bar and Leaning away over on one Side and Then on the Other to keep it Frum tippin. "Set up strait and Have Confadense in me. If you would only Git a Little of That in your Sistem it would Be a good thing fer the hole famby. That's the trouble with you. You Don't never have the confadense in me like you ot to. Other wimmen—"

"Oh paw," maw Hollered, given the Handles a quick turn and Runnen up on the Curb stone, "you're agoin to Let go, I jist no it. Please Don't. I want to Git off."

"Say," paw anserd purty Sassy, "if you're agoin to lurn to ride the Bicycle I want you to quit makin a goose of yourself. It ain't no Fun gittin out Here when the thurmometer is away abov Sent poll and Holdin up a wheel with a wommun that Don't no nothing on it."

By that Time we was Started again and maw was Swettin and paw was Swettin and I Didn't feel like if I had no lse sickle Down my Back mself.

We went up and Down the Street two or Three Times with the pupp and little Albert hoopen all around us and maw tellin paw every minit if He let go she would never Forgive Him and paw Gritten his teeth and Them Big Blue Vains along the Side of His Forred Sticken out Like if They was agoin to Bust purty Soon if Sumthing Didn't happen.

So they was a Brick what Had Dropt out of Somebody's waggon jist ahead and maw she Had Her mouth Shut Tite, and a Hard Stair in Her eyes, and when She seen the Brick She give the Wheel a quick turn over Tords me, and paw wasen't expectin it and jist Then the pupp got mixed up Between his feat and the next Thing ennybuddy knew That was a Good Deal of Skrunchin and paw and the pupp and maw and little albert was piled up in the Street. I Gess I would of Been in it too if I wouldn't of let go at the rite Time.

The pupp was Howlin and little Albert was yellin. It was purty Dark so I couldn't tell whare the Sufferers was located except paw. They wasen't no trouble findin Him. He was away Down neer the Bottom of the Heap and He wasen't trying to keep it a Secret nuthur. Maw Had one Foot thru the Frunt Wheel and one on paws neck Settlin on His Stummick.

By that Time little Albert and the pupp Crawled Out, so I Helped to Git Maw and The Wheel apart and paw's Faith in maw was Roocened. So was the wheel purty near. Little albert Carreyed the Handles in and I Had one wheel and paw Brot the Rest of it.

When paw was Tellin maw what He thot about it the pupp come along Waggen its tale and Looken Up at paw kind of Frendly and He went to kick it into the next ward, But nooked six spokes out of the other Wheel.

Then He flung the Hole thing Down the stairs goin into the Basement as hard as he could and Told maw if she wouldn't of Bin so confounded jellus when He went ridin alone it wouldn't never of Happened.

But maw she only jist wep, and Kep grabbin at Her Skurts to Keep Them frum sliden Down.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Scared Money Out of Him.

"The first man I ever arrested in Chicago," said Lockup Keeper McGulre, of the central station, "was a man who beat me out of \$20 in the West Indies. I was a young and gulleless youth when that fellow got my money. I was chancing it around the world and loaned the money to an American whom I met in Hayti. He promised to return the money right off, but he disappeared, and I never saw him again until I was appointed to the police force here. I ran across the man while traveling beat on the West Side. I had been on only two weeks, but I was up to business, just the same. The sight of the fellow made me angry and I grabbed him and put him under arrest. I had on a bright, new uniform and, moreover, really believed I had the right to arrest the man for the debt. I started to take him to the station, but he became so scared that he agreed to pay me right off. He handed me the money and I turned him loose. I never knew until a year afterward that I had no right to place the man under arrest."

A Liberal Wife.

A laborer's wife at Tilsit in East Prussia has presented nine pairs of twins to her husband in ten years of marriage. Seventeen of the children are alive and well.

THROW DICE FOR PUNISHMENT.

Two Soldiers in the Philippines Use the Bones to See Who Is to Suffer.

"I was in the Philippines about three months ago," said the Chicago agent of a well-known tea house, "and saw the queerest throw of dice I ever saw in my life. Two soldiers had been court-martialed for getting drunk and assaulting their superior officer—about the gravest offense a subordinate can commit. Being after dark, the officer didn't know which one it was. Neither did they, not much of anything else that happened about that time. But the court insisted that for the sake of discipline one of them must be punished. It was hard lines. For they were really not bad young fellows and everybody was sorry for them. Each was willing to take the penalty and let the other one off. But that wouldn't do, so it was finally agreed that they should throw the dice for it."

"The first one that took them shook them hard and turned them out. Five and two! The second man followed suit. His were five and two. Then the first poured out a six and five. Six and five came out for the other. You should have just heard the shouts and bets."

Then the first one threw again. Two and three! And two and three showed up for the second soldier. This was getting interesting. 'Aces' said the first. 'Aces' cried the second. The excitement was tremendous. Everybody crowded into the room anxious to get a sight at the miraculous performances. "They all held their breaths. The soldier whose throw it was gave the bones an extra shake. Out tumbled four and three. The second one pounded and shook enough to have worn the spots off of 'em. No use. Three and four! 'The Devil's in 'em.' 'I can't get used to that game!' 'They're loaded all around,' exclaimed the crowd."

Here the tea agent paused and rose to go away.

"But how did they come out finally?" everybody asked, wrought up to intense curiosity."

"Oh, out of the box, I s'pose, like they did before," calmly explained the agent. "You see, the steamer for Honolulu was whistling for the last time and I had to come away before the thing was settled. They may be at it yet, for all I know."—Chicago Chronicle.

What Concentration Will Accomplish

"Many persons, seeing me so much engaged in active life," said Edward Bulwer-Lytton, "and as much above the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books?' How on earth do you contrive to do so much work? I shall surprise you by the answer I made. It was this: 'I contrive to do so much work by never doing too much at a time.'"

"Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left the college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and besides all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes. And yet, what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study, to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day. But then, during these three hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about and lost not a moment."

Every great man has become great, every successful man has succeeded, in proportion as he has confined his powers to one particular channel.—Pushing to the Front.

Polite Mate.

The other night, at the Alhisa, a variety theater, one performer made a display of flags. When the Stars and Stripes appeared someone hissed, and the galleries and part of the body of the house joined in. Whatever prompted the demonstration, it ceased instantly when several Americans seated in the orchestra rose to leave the house. They passed out amid silence as respectful and deferential as though in their persons they represented the highest authority. Some of the audience clearly hated the flag, but they wished those present who loved it to understand that no personal affront was intended, and they conveyed that wish as clearly as an audience could.—Santiago, Cuba, letter.

Bogus Curios of All Kinds.

It is said of old curiosity shops in general that nearly half the objects offered are spurious, expressly manufactured for sale. The ingenuity of the forger of antiques is remarkable. Furniture, china, prints, bronzes, armor, ivory and tapestry—all are imitated successfully.

Shot Dead by a Dead Man.

After the battle of Spion Kop a British soldier was found dead with his finger on the trigger of his rifle. A Boer who attempted to take the rifle out of his hands was shot dead by a slip of the dead man's finger.

Travelers in Arctic Regions.

Notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers attending a trip from 1,200 to 1,400 miles over snow and ice in the most inclement season of the year, no less than 700 people left Dawson for Nome between Dec. 4, 1899, and March 1, 1900.

Vine Disease in Spain and France.

The phylloxera destroyed 450,000 acres of vineyards in Spain in 1899. Vines in Spain or France are not worth cultivating unless they are grafted with the American vine, which renders them proof against the insect.

When a man starts out to make a night of it the small hours disappear about as rapidly as his small change.

TOWN NEWS.

Trade at home.
Bargains at People's Store.
New fireworks for sale at People's Store.
Go to Kauffman's Baden shoe store for footgear.
Send in your items of local news and we will print them.
Get your bunting and flags ready for the Glorious Fourth.
Don't forget the benefit for Fred Goss this evening at Butchers' Hall.
Work on the extension of the electric road will begin next month.
Ex-Sheriff Kinne was married last week to Miss Engle of Redwood City.
Paul Denny left for his home at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, on Tuesday.
Church services at Grace Mission Church, by Rev. Goss, Sunday at 7:30 p. m.
County Assessor Clarence Hayward was in town on official business Saturday.

Michenfelder's ball drew a big crowd at the Armour Pavilion last Saturday evening.
Allen A. Garner, attorney-at-law of San Francisco, paid our town a visit on Wednesday.

R. W. Smith has purchased the east 1/2 of lot 22 in block 124 fronting on Grand avenue.

Grand march at 9 o'clock tomorrow evening at entertainment for benefit of Fred Goss at Butchers' Hall.

San Mateo had a small fire last week which destroyed a vacant building belonging to the Jansen estate.

R. W. Smith has purchased from the Land and Improvement Company the E 1/2 of lot 22, block 124, on Grand avenue.

Go to church tomorrow evening. The one little church on the hill will be lonesome and so will the minister be if you don't.

Mr. A. Neugebauer is having a new partition fence erected and the outside of his cottages painted, recently purchased from George Brayer.

The People's Store gives a ticket with every 50 cent purchase and when the tickets amount to \$5 the holder will be given a calico dress.

Among the recent recipients of Uncle Sam's favor is our esteemed townsman, Henry N. Jones, who has been placed on the U. S. pension rolls.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Our public school closed on Friday for the midsummer vacation. Teachers and pupils will forget rules and text books for a brief season and go in for rest and enjoyment.

The last cinch of the lumber trust in raising the price of lumber \$5 per thousand feet has checked building. Prospective builders are disposed to wait for lower figures for lumber.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

Real estate in this town is a safe and sound investment and those who have the means and neglect or decline making an investment will by and by be telling how they missed making a fortune.

There was an increased attendance at church last Sunday. This is as it should be. We have only one church building and it is not a big one. It should be filled to the doors every Sunday.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

We publish the list of property in this town on which the taxes are delinquent, for the information and benefit of our readers. Scan the list and you will know if you owe the county and State any taxes.

If you take advice sometimes, also take a five-room cottage with bath, on suitable terms, on Grand avenue. New, modern, sunny; free from dampness. Don't pay any more rent.

E. E. Cunningham, Agent.
Louis P. Boardman, attorney for Thomas Flannely Jr., has gone to Washington, where he will endeavor to procure a hearing for his client before the Supreme Court of the United States. Should he succeed in his effort, it will have the effect of postponing the date of the execution indefinitely. It is not anticipated that the attorney's trip will be of any avail.—Coast Advocate.

For the price you are paying in monthly rent, you can own your own home. Don't be a clam, but have a five-room cottage, with bath, modern, new, sunny; free from dampness, on Grand avenue.
E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

REDWOOD CITY ITEMS.

The annual meeting of the San Mateo County Building and Loan Association will be held at the court house Monday evening next at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to be represented either in person or by proxy.

The first series of stock, in the San Mateo County Building & Loan Association, dated June, 1890, matured last

week, and shareholders who built under that series received releases of their mortgages.

Frank Granger has purchased the gasoline launch owned by Louis Winn and will have it repaired and remodeled for the summer season. The boat was found to be in good condition and after it is passed through a course of repair and renovation by Chase Littlejohn and P. A. Kilby will be a very handsome craft and will afford Mr. Granger and his friends much enjoyment during the boating season.

POPULAR COUPLE WILL WED.

Marriage of William H. Crowe and Miss Waltemire.

St. Peter's Episcopal church will be the scene of a pretty wedding next Wednesday at noon when William H. Crowe, son of James Crowe, and Miss Ida Waltemire of Belmont will be joined in wedlock. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. W. A. Brewer of San Mateo. Both of the young people are well known and exceedingly popular among a large circle of friends who are profuse in their wishes for the continued happiness of the couple.

After the ceremony they will depart to spend their honeymoon at some distant point and on returning will reside in the Cloud residence on Webster street. Mr. Crowe, the father of the groom-to-be, will present the couple a pretty home on Washington street, and has already awarded a contract for its erection to Robert Brown. It will contain six rooms and will be provided with every convenience and comfort that can be thought of by the kind and indulgent father, whose sole desire is to promote the happiness of the young couple. All friends of the families are invited to be present at the church to witness the ceremony.

NEARING THE EXECUTION DAY.

Supreme Court Denies Delay to Tom Flannely.

Tom Flannely's petition to the Supreme Court for a writ of error has not had the effect of delaying his execution, which is set for the 29th instant. His attorney, L. P. Boardman, filed a petition, claiming that the errors complained of related to the facts as presented to the jury, errors of law and irregularity of procedure in the court below.

In the appeal it was also claimed that as the common law Grand Jury system is in force and a part of the law of California, and as the Grand Jury of San Mateo county was in session and proceeding to investigate the case against Flannely when the District Attorney filed the information, the Superior Court had no jurisdiction to proceed under the information until the Grand Jury had completed its investigation and returned an indictment or ignored the charge, as it had a right to do under the constitution and laws of California.

Friday the petition was denied. Boardman has not given up the fight, and Monday left for Washington to lay the matter before the United States Supreme Court.

UNION COURSING PARK.

Royal Anne went through the midweek stake at Union Coursing Park in fine style yesterday, and the Pasha kennels won a stake at last. The kennels have been out of luck lately, but this may mean that their bad run of luck has been broken, and that they will win, as they used to some time ago.

Forget was the runner-up, and therefore Valley Queen stake was to the front in grand style. Her get always shows up best when the hars are strongest. Peculiarly enough the two noted sires of the Pasha kennels carried off all the honors in their way. Royal Anne was in fine form, and kept it to the end. In the deciding course Forget led three-quarters of the way across the field, but was more tired than Royal Anne, who passed him out, and won easily by a score of 12 to 2.

The talent had a better day than usual for a midweek stake, as the favorites beaten were few in number, and there were no very big upsets. The surprise of the day was Lear King, who showed more speed than ever before, and was aided by luck. He was the best hound of the day for the followers of the short ends. He beat Carmencita, a 2-to-1 favorite, in a short course by a score of 2 to 0. The favor of the hare helped him in this course.

In the next round Lear King put out Wanda, Carmencita's kennel mate, and surprised the talent again by beating the clever Anchor. The latter made the first four points, and then Lear King evened up the score. Anchor was in for one, but Lear King shot in and made a kill of merit, winning by a score of 6 to 5.

Wait a Bit was in fine form, and Winning Lassie was played to win the stake on account of her fine showing, as her work caused close followers of form to back her for the stake.

Condrey & Bought's new Emin Pasha puppies showed up well considering that they are green youngsters. Midnight Belle won her first course from Dandy Lines, a 2-to-1 favorite. Flying Daisy, Homeward Bound and Nightingale showed up well with good hounds.

The Union Park management stretched the record at the draw last evening when it was decided that the Ladies' Day Champion stake should be limited to sixteen and the reserve stake to 128, though 140 dogs were offered for the latter event. The total prize money is \$1750, of which \$980 is in the Champion stake.

The great dog for Freedom cannot be run as was expected, as he broke a toe in a try-out Sunday morning, when he showed he was his former self. This withdrawal will be a severe loss to the Pasha kennels.—S. F. Chronicle.

DELINQUENT TAX LIST, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL.

Hawkins, H. M.—Lot 9, block 102; lot 34, block 103; and personal property, South San Francisco	Tax	\$ 1 95
	Delinquency	1 50
	Costs	3 85
Verba Buena B. and L. Association—Mortgage interest in lot 34, block 100, property of H. M. Hawkins, South San Francisco	Tax	19 40
	Delinquency	2 43
	Costs	50
N. Merriam—North half lot 4, block 134; lot 1, 16, 17, block 139, South San Francisco	Tax	33 95
	Delinquency	4 25
	Costs	42 50
Inter Nos Building and Loan Association—Mortgage interest in lot 4, block 102, property of Alice B. McEwen, South San Francisco	Tax	24 45
	Delinquency	3 07
	Costs	50
McMullen, D.—Lot 35, block 118, South San Francisco	Tax	1 95
	Delinquency	2 25
	Costs	50
Neilsen, C. A.—Lot 7, block 124, South San Francisco	Tax	3 90
	Delinquency	50
	Costs	4 40
Patterson, Ada M.—Lot 1, block 117, South San Francisco	Tax	1 95
	Delinquency	2 25
	Costs	50
Ried, B. F.—Lot 22, block 149, South San Francisco	Tax	1 95
	Delinquency	2 25
	Costs	50
Martin, Mrs. M. G.—Mortgage interest in west half of lot 3, block 124, property of Mary Robinson, South San Francisco	Tax	95
	Delinquency	12
	Costs	1 07
Cameron, H. A.—Lot 33, Buckingham's subdivision of South San Francisco	Tax	95
	Delinquency	12
	Costs	1 07
Gibson, Jane—Lot 38, Buckingham's subdivision of South San Francisco	Tax	5 80
	Delinquency	75
	Costs	60
Kennedy, John—Lot 44, Buckingham's subdivision of South San Francisco	Tax	2 90
	Delinquency	38
	Costs	50

HAD NO ATTORNEY.

John Fitzgerald, the slayer of John Lennon, appeared in the Superior Court Monday morning for trial, unaccompanied by his attorneys. An affidavit made by Louis Boardman was read, stating that he could not be present on account of being called to Washington in connection with the Flannely case. Judge Lorgan was at first inclined to appoint counsel for Fitzgerald, but on second thought decided to grant a continuance till July 9th, which date was fixed for Fitzgerald's second hearing. It will be remembered that the trial of defendant, held a month ago, resulted in disagreement, the jury failing to concur as to the degree of guilt of the prisoner, none holding out for acquittal.—Democrat, Redwood City.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

Cottage of five rooms and attic. Bath, hot and cold water; side-board in dining-room; very convenient. Situation high dry, sunny and perfectly healthy. Price, with water, only \$13.00. Apply to E. E. Cunningham, Postoffice building.

A Labored Effort.

"What do you think of my play?" asked the author.
"Play!" grunted the leading man.
"Play nothing! It's hard work."—Philadelphia North American.

A Specialist.

A few days ago a well known Washington lady, being unexpectedly bereft of her kitchen assistance, advertised for a colored woman capable of performing general housework.

The first caller in response to the advertisement was a mulatto damsel, bedecked with ribbon and finery. From her airs and graces she might have been a graduate of a seminary. She announced that she had noticed the advertisement and was desirous of securing employment.

"Are you a good cook?" inquired the lady of the house.

"No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply.

"Are you a good washer and ironer?" was the next query.

"I wouldn't do washing and ironing; it's too hard on the hands," declared the caller.

"Can you sweep?" the housewife then wanted to know.

"No," was the answer, and it was a positive one. "I'm not strong enough for that."

"Well, in the name of goodness, what can you do?" said the lady of the house, exasperated. The placid reply was:

"I dusts."—Washington Star.

Negro Eloquence.

Negroes sometimes express themselves as felicitously as do the Irish. Here is a case copied from a Texas paper. Some time ago one of Texas' widely known statesmen, who is now dead, was passing along a street in Dallas, when an old colored man, who had once belonged to him, approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked:

"Marster, gin de old man 50 cents."

"Dan, you are a robber."

"How?" asked the astonished dandy, opening his eyes, around which rough shod age had walked.

"Didn't you see me put my hand in my pocket?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked."

The old man received a dollar. Bowing almost to the ground, while tears came out and coursed through the aged prints around his eyes, he replied:

"Marster, wid, wid such a heart as you hab and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side, I don't see what can keep you out of heaven."

A Very Restful Rest.

Adolf Menzel, the German artist, was at one time engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a scaffolding in his studio, on which his model was requested to stand. For two long hours the poor "poseur" stood up aloft in a most fatiguing posture. Menzel in the meantime worked at his sketch, heedless of the fact that his model was growing tired.

At length the model found it necessary to speak. "Herr professor," said he, "how about a recess?"

Menzel apologized profusely for his forgetfulness. "Certainly, certainly, my dear sir," said he. "Come down and rest yourself a bit."

The model had clambered from the scaffolding to the ladder, which led down from it to the studio floor.

"Stop!" cried the artist suddenly. "That pose is fine! Don't move a muscle!"

And once more the model was forced into strained rigidity, while the enthusiastic draftsman set about sketching him.

At the end of half an hour Menzel looked up from his work. "There," said he, "that will do nicely! Get back on the scaffold. We have had our rest. Let us get back to work again."

What the model said is left to the reader's imagination.

Your chance to get ahead is to stop paying rent and own your own home, but don't buy a five-room cottage with bath on Grand Avenue. Swell, new, modern, sunny, free from dampness, at your own terms.
E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is slow and prices are easier.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$10 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 fat Steers, 8c; second quality, 7 1/2c; thin Steers, 7 1/2c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6c; thin Cows, 4 1/2c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 225 lbs and under 5 1/2c; over 225 to 300 lbs, 5 1/2c; rough heavy hogs, 4 1/2c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 1/2c; Ewes, 3 1/2c. This Spring Lambs, 4 1/2c live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5 1/2c; over 250 lbs, 4 1/2c. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6 1/2c; second quality, 6c; third quality, 5 1/2c; first quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2c; second quality, 5c; third quality, 4 1/2c.

VEAL—Large, 7 1/2c; small, 8 1/2c; MUTTON—Wethers, 7 1/2c; Ewes, 6 1/2c; 7 1/2c; This Spring Lambs, 8 1/2c; bulk, 8c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8 1/2c. PROVISIONS—Hams, 13c; picnic hams, 9 1/2c; Atlanta ham, 9 1/2c; New York, shoulder, 9 1/2c.

BACON—Ex. 1, S. C. bacon, 14c; light S. C. bacon, 13 1/2c; med. bacon, clear, 10c; L. med. bacon, clear, 10 1/2c; clear light, 11 1/2c; clear ex. light, 12 1/2c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$14.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.50; Family Beef, bbl, \$13.50; hf-bbl, \$7.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 9 1/2c; do, light, 9 1/2c; do, Bellies, 10c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$19.50; hf-bbls., \$10.00; Roused Pig's Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.50; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are \$10: Tcs. 1/2-bbls, 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7 7/4 7 1/4 7 1/4 7 1/4 Cal. pure 8 1/4 9 9 9 9 In 3-bbl tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-bbl tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.30; Is \$1.30; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.30; Is, \$1.30.

TRANS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

3415 San Bruno Road.

Leave Orders at Armour Hotel.

All Work Promptly Executed.

I. S. Crocker

F. H. Laws

Rainier Rabblery

—Breeder of—

High Grade Belgian Hares

3743 23d Street, San Francisco.

Rainier and other good Bucks at service. Breeding Does and young stock on hand. Visitors welcome except on Sundays. Open evenings.

House Moving

Teaming

Grading

CONTRACTING.

J. G. Stout,

South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

United States Laundry.

Office, 1004 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week.

J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA,

SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

DO YOU WANT

to repair your old - - - to paper your old - - - to alter or enlarge your - - - to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month If so, see

J. F. LYMAN, Carpenter Shop GRAND AVENUE

HOUSE ? ?

J. L. WOOD, Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited. South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHELFELDER: Proprietor.

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel. South San Francisco, Cal.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

</

MOUNTAIN TROUT IS BITIN'.

When the mountain trout is bitin', in the lazy days o' May,
Why, the spirit leaves the body, an' goes wanderin' afield—
Strayin' by the fields o' clover, whar' the golden sunshine seems
Silenced waves o' song still hoverin' on the pastur's an' the streams;
An' you loil within the shadders nigh some blossomin' wild rose,
Jest a dreamin',
Dreamin',
Half awake an' half adoze!
All the glory o' creation is compressed in one short day.
When the mountain trout is bitin' in the lazy days o' May.

Now an' then across the medders rings the tingle o' the bells—
Like the orchestra o' Nature somewhar' hid among the dells;
Orioles wind up and over, an'—indoeatin' from the hills—
Comes the bluebird's hallaloover in the softest thrills an' trills.
Tain't unantered for a feller, ef he's ever loved at all,
To be thinkin',
Thinkin',
Of some one beyond recall,
An' to wonder ef her spirit ain't still with you anyway.
When the mountain trout is bitin' in the lazy days o' May.
—New York Times.

The Odd Thing About It.

I HAD been poring over a fourteenth century manuscript in the window seat, behind the library curtains. The twilight and the end of the faint, crabbled writing came together, and then I supposed I fell asleep. I woke at the sound of Vera Rutherford's voice.

"The oddest thing about it is that I don't really dislike him at all."
"You will tell me next that he doesn't really dislike you," said Maud Leslie, with an unbelieving laugh.
"I am afraid," said Vera, "there is no doubt about that." I could have pointed out grave doubts; but I wasn't more than half-awake. Besides, I couldn't be quite sure that they referred to me.
"Did you say 'afraid,' Ve?"
"You needn't quibble over my words," she answered, impatiently. There was a pause.

"Dear old Ve!" said Maud, in a moment. Here again I ought to have pretended that I had just woke up, and announced myself.

"I hate him," Vera observed, inconsequently.
"So," said Maud heartily, "do I!" I could not well proclaim my presence after these remarks.

"At least I think I do."
"I am sure I do," said Maud, positively. "I consider him horrible."
"Oh, Maud; you know he isn't."
"He must be, or he wouldn't be so rude to you."

"I—I provoke him, you see."
"That is no excuse at all. Look at the way he contradicted you about those Tuscan vases, or whatever you call them."

"I contradicted him first."
"Why shouldn't you?"
"Because he was right."
"Which made it all the more annoying."

"Yes," said Vera, with a sigh. I wished I had let her have her own way.

"He is a great deal too 'superior,'" stated Maud. I felt myself blushing.
"He really knows a great deal," suggested Vera, timidly. I made up my mind not to quarrel with her any more.

"A lot of antiquated rubbish of no use to any one," scoffed Maud. I could feel that she was tossing her head.
"Jack calls him the 'lumber-room!'"
"Jack is a young ass."

"I don't agree," said Vera, hotly.
"No, he isn't!" He's very nearly engaged to Maud.

"A charming and intelligent fellow, I was going to say."
"Nasty little story-teller!" I thought they were going to quarrel, but they didn't.

"Well, I'll admit the learning of your Mr. Norton," said Maud, when they had gone laughing, "but—"

"He isn't my Mr. Norton," Vera objected. There was a further pause. If Maud had gone I should have felt inclined to come out and place "Mr. Norton" at pretty Vera's disposal, but Maud didn't go.

"Do you really like him, old Ve?" she asked.
"Only just a little."
"Sure?"
"Yes—almost sure."

"You are rather hard on him, Maud, I think." So did I. "Won't you admit that he has many good points?"
"Oh—he can talk! He's very amusing when he comes out of the shell. I rather like to talk to him myself." Indeed! "But I don't believe he has a bit of sentiment in him. I'm sure he's never kissed a girl in his life." Hasn't he? "Unless—she laughed mischievously—"It's you."

"You are ridiculous," protested Vera. "He wouldn't dream of such a thing." Obviously Miss Vera understood me no better than our other antiquities.

"Perhaps he—Why don't you leave off squabbling with him?"
"He won't let me. He generally begins by asking whether I am ready for our usual quarrel."

"Why don't you say no?"
"Because he ought to say it." I resolved that he should.

"Then you will find him deadly dull."
"I—I don't think I should."
"Whatever would you talk about?"
"Oh—the usual things!"
"My dear Ve, he couldn't! Just fancy

him whispering soft nothings in your ear!" Maud laughed. Personally, I didn't see anything to laugh at. "And you blushing and looking down—"

"Don't be so silly!"
"Whilst he imprinted a chaste salute!"

"It is time to dress for dinner," said Vera, frigidly. She walked toward the door.

"He has a ginger mustache," said Maud, as a parting shot. This remark was absolutely untrue; it is golden almost.

"He has not!" Vera departed.
Maud hummed a queer little tune to herself for a minute. Then she sighed twice—presumably for Vera. Then she shrugged her shoulders once—I fear for me! Then she went out also. After a prudent interval I followed.

At dinner Vera and I were neighbors. I avoided antiquities, and told her amusing stories, just to hear her laugh. She looks very pretty when she laughs. She also looks very pretty when she doesn't.

After dinner our host, who is proud of his scenery, suggested that we should go and see the moon rise over Tall hill. I managed to escort Vera and to lose the others.

"Shall we have our usual quarrel?" she asked, when we had perched ourselves upon a big stile at the foot of the hill.

"No," I replied; "I don't want to quarrel, please."
"Don't you?" she said, brightly.
"Aren't you afraid we shall be dull?"
"Not in the least; but if you are—"

"Oh, no. We can talk about—let me see—"

"The usual things?" I suggested. She looked swiftly at me, and gave a little start. I took hold of her arm. "I thought you were falling," I explained.

"Perhaps it would be safer if I—held you." She didn't seem to mind, so I gathered her arm comfortably in mine.

"I can't imagine you talking 'usual things,' you know," she said, with an uncertain little laugh.

"Everybody says 'usual things' in the moonlight," I explained. "See, it is just rising over the hill."

We sat a few minutes in silence, watching the yellow rim appearing, and the pale light streaming down the fields dotted here and there with tall trees.

"It is very, very beautiful," she said softly. "It makes one feel good. I am so glad you didn't want to quarrel to-night."

"Or any other night. I have been going to tell you so for a long time." She laughed.

"How strange! Do you know, I have been wanting to say the same thing to you?"

"It was right that the overture should come from me." She started and glanced at me again. The moonlight lighted up her pretty, thoughtful face and glistened in her golden hair.

"The prettiest effect of the moonrise is invisible to you," I told her.

"I think," she said, smilingly, "its nicest effect is that it has made two quarrelsome people—"

"Good friends?" She nodded. "One of them is very glad."
"So," she said almost inaudibly, "is the other."

"Do you know, little Vera, dreadfully as we quarreled, I liked you all the time. Only I thought that you disliked me so much."

She would certainly have fallen off if I had not had the presence of mind to put my arm around her waist.

"Oh, no!" she cried, quickly. "Indeed I didn't."
"That," I said, "was the odd thing about it."

She gave such a jump at the quotation that she would certainly have fallen off the seat—if I had not had the presence of mind to put my arm around her waist!—*Dall and Express.*

Cotton Manufactures.
"The South," says a Fall River cotton manufacturer, "has gone into the cotton-milling business very extensively. With the cheap labor and long hours of the South a cheap grade of cotton goods can be turned out at much less expense. The Northern manufacturers could not stand this competition. They decided to make a better quality of goods. Heretofore the fine qualities were imported from abroad. Now as good a quality is manufactured by the mills of Fall River, and is for home consumption. New machinery was substituted for the old. The old hands employed in the mills were of sufficient experience to turn out the good quality. This has resulted in a decline of imported goods. I do not mean by this that the South has all the cheap cotton trade. There are ten mills in Fall River and New Bedford which turn out the cheap grade. The other seventy or eighty mills are devoted to the finer grades."—*New York Tribune.*

Buried with \$500 in His Pocket.
It is not often that a man is buried with \$500 in his pockets. His relatives generally look to that. But such a case has actually happened.

A few days ago Don Sabino Trujillo died and was buried in Dolores on Monday last. After the funeral the niece of the deceased informed the relatives of the dead man that he had at the time of his death the sum of \$500 in one of his pockets; for he was buried in his ordinary clothes. She had seen him pay the doctor, a short time before his death, some money and put the remainder, \$500, in his breast pocket. As no one had thought of looking for the money, and as the young lady was prostrate with grief at the death of her uncle and so did not remember anything about the matter until after a funeral, the money was buried with the corpse.—*Two Republics.*

The jolly barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance.

HOW A MAN SPENDS HIS LIFE.

Time Devoted to Sleeping, Eating, Working and Other Pursuits.

An ordinary man would laugh away as preposterous the suggestion that he was likely to spend twenty years of his life in sleep. But that is because he does not conduct his life according to a schedule and really has no idea of how he does spend it. As a matter of fact, most men over 60 years old have already spent more than twenty years in bed. Which is only one of the surprises in store for the man who sets himself to work to discover how those



Twenty-four hours that daily slip by so mysteriously are disposed of.

By a painstaking study of averages a skilled statistician has recently arrived at the conclusion expressed in the following figures. They apply to the average American man of 60 years of age. They do not accurately represent his life to-day, because his years of infancy and childhood are included in the computation. They will apply neither to



down to the sidewalk to be brushed off both men took up that work, the hand organ playing now 'The Georgia Camp Meeting,' and the two men coming in with their whisk brooms with an interlocking flip-flap movement that was nothing short of marvelous. I wouldn't have been surprised any minute to see them each turn a cartwheel handspring changing places in the turning, but keeping up the brushing and never for a minute losing time. They kept right on down to my feet, and putting in there a singularly able combination effect in that last final touch around my hoppers, they turned me loose.

"I paid for the polish, and put a nickel in the organ collector's box, for the blacking artists and myself, and then I walked away, keeping step with the music, on the sidewalk, on one side of the hand organ, while a horse pulling a grocery wagon, and going the same way, kept step along on the other in the street. The whole earth seemed to move, in fact, to the stirring strains of rag time."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

How Drowning Can Be Avoided.
Anatomical experiments have shown that the weight of the body is about equal to the same bulk of seawater, so that persons falling overboard who cannot swim, if they do not attempt to keep more than their mouth out of water, can sustain themselves for a considerable length of time. Most persons who fall into the water lose their presence of mind, and either draw their hands up or wildly dash them through the air and water. Of course, the instant the weight of the head above the water the body sinks, and a few repetitions of this ends in "another accidental drowning." The same struggles with the hands and feet under the water would have preserved life. What all persons should impress upon their minds is this: That in case they should fall overboard they must retain control of their senses, the hands and arms must be kept under water, and the feet and hands kept in motion to sustain the head out of water. So long as the mouth and nostrils do not get submerged there is no danger.

Invented the Arc Light.
A patent record which has been unearthed at Toronto shows that the original inventors of the electric arc light were two Toronto men, Henry Woodward, a medical student, and Matthew Evans, a saloon-keeper. The invention, completed in 1873, was the fruit of their joint experiments. It was patented in the following year.

Pretoria.
The town of Pretoria nestles among hedges of roses, which grow everywhere in wild profusion, and streams of clear water flow down the sides of the broad streets, which are laid out in straight lines.

When a woman neglects her husband's shirt she is no longer the wife of his bosom.

Nevada Spunk.
There is a humorous florist in this city by the sea. Whether it is intentional or not, nobody knows, but he has

certainly had some funny experiences of late. The other day a woman in Nevada wrote to him that her husband was dead and that she "wanted something nice for John" to be sent at once. With due dispatch he plucked a horse-shoe off the wall where it had rested for years, and filling it with sweet white roses, he forwarded it to the widow.

In a few days the expressman drove up and said the charges on an awkward-looking bundle he carried were \$1.05. The florist paid him, and upon opening the little gift found the horse-shoe, looking as if it had had a bad night, and thoroughly dilapidated. On top was pinned a slip of paper which said:

"Dear Sur—Mebbe you think yer funny, but even if my John wuz a blacksmith you needn't send no horse-shoe. He wuz respectable and honest and you hain't got no right to make fun by him."

At last accounts the budding young man had made no reply, but it's two to one that if some gambler dies he will send up a broken wheel.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

SHOES POLISHED IN RAG TIME.
Experience on Shoeblack's Stand When a Hand Organ Came Along.

"Just after I had got comfortably settled in one of the leather-cushioned chairs," said Mr. Biffington, "there came along the street one of those big piano organs with a voice like a calliope's, and halted right in front. It was a two-chair stand, and there were two men on it. I was the only customer up at the moment, and the two each took a foot.

"They had just begun the polishing when the hand organ began to hoot 'Loozyana Lou.' Instantly the two blacking artists swung in with the music, and from that on, with many original rag-time variations of their own, they plied their brushes and polishing cloths in time with it. When I stepped

down to the sidewalk to be brushed off both men took up that work, the hand organ playing now 'The Georgia Camp Meeting,' and the two men coming in with their whisk brooms with an interlocking flip-flap movement that was nothing short of marvelous. I wouldn't have been surprised any minute to see them each turn a cartwheel handspring changing places in the turning, but keeping up the brushing and never for a minute losing time. They kept right on down to my feet, and putting in there a singularly able combination effect in that last final touch around my hoppers, they turned me loose.

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Nevada Spunk.
There is a humorous florist in this city by the sea. Whether it is intentional or not, nobody knows, but he has

bubbles or pockets, sometimes ten or twenty square yards in extent.

When these pockets are punctured with a chisel and a lighted match is applied the experimenter is rewarded by a roaring flame, before which he may warm his benumbed fingers. He who would try the experiment, however, must be careful to stand between the wind and the jet of gas as he lights it, or he will have his clothing singed before he can get out of the way.

There are places where the gas supply is so abundant as to prevent the ice from forming, except on the very coldest nights. When such places are frozen over they remain covered only a few days, for the gas, coming from a considerable depth in the earth, is so warm that it soon melts a passage through the ice and escapes. Last winter ice fifteen inches thick formed on the lake, and yet some of the areas of gas supply were not frozen over.

Near the spot where one of the creeks enters the lake the water is shallow, and the bottom may easily be seen. Here the gas has formed regular channels up through the mud, and out of these large bubbles of gas are discharged every few seconds. Doniphan Lake is situated about four miles north of Atchison, Kan.

Queensland has postoffice savings banks only, and South Australia has no government banks.

Five new Italian steamships are to be built to ply between Mediterranean ports and New York.

Regina, the headquarters of Canada's Northwestern provinces mounted police, is a typical prairie city.

The Police Board in Chicago has issued an order prohibiting smoking by policemen in uniform, whether on or off duty.

London is to have a religious daily, something on the Sheldon lines, as a regular institution. A. E. Clarks of Wimbeldon is to be the editor.

Railroads of East and West Java have recently been united, so that one can now travel from one end of the island to the other in two days.

The curfew is a recognized institution in twelve municipalities in New York, according to the annual report of State Superintendent of Public Instruction Skinner.

A suit has been brought against the City of New York by a plaintiff who describes himself as "temporary emergency apothecary." His suit is for services rendered.

A London cable tells about an organ grinder who is to become an earl. Might just as well. We have no other use for our aged and indigent organ grinders, anyhow.

Frank L. Stanton, the newspaper poet, began earning his living when most boys begin going to school by serving as office boy for Joel Chandler Harris on the Savannah News.

Divers in the British navy, before being passed as proficient in their craft, have to be able to work in twelve fathoms of water for an hour, and twenty fathoms for a quarter of an hour.

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Mayhew W. Bronson, chief of the Larchmont (N. Y.) fire department, is probably the only millionaire occupying such a position. He has always had a fondness for the work of a fireman and through the kindness of officials in New York City, went through all sorts of hard training for the office he has just assumed.

One day recently a New York paper printed an article saying that in the preceding week Helen Gould had received 1,303 begging letters, the total amount asked for being over \$1,500,000. The result of this publication has been that Miss Gould's mail has taken on still more alarming proportions, requests running all the way from a million to found a college in Cuba to ten for a set of false teeth.

Chang Yen Hamen, successor to Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Ambassador at Washington, is known as "the dandy of the Orient." His milliner's bill is said to be equal to that of a society woman and his general habits are of the most expensive kind. Like his predecessor, he is a ready after-dinner talker, having acquired great reputation in this accomplishment while attached to the Chinese legation in London some years ago.

TITLES IN BAD ODOR.

ITALIAN PATENTS OF NOBILITY ARE CHEAP.

People of Rank from That Country Not Looked Upon with Much Respect by the Rest of Europe—Nobles Made by King and Pope.

Throughout Europe Italian titles of nobility do not enjoy a very high reputation; so much so that as a general rule a mere Austrian baron is more highly considered than an Italian marquis. One explanation of this fact is that many of these Italian nobles with high-sounding handles to their names are not in a very enviable financial situation. Many astounding instances may be cited of Italian dukes and counts who occupy the strangest positions abroad. Some are coachmen, others hotel porters, one is an interpreter at a railway station, another is a butler in the family of an American millionaire. In New York there is a well-known Italian count who has run an elevator for several years past. In southern Italy, where poverty is greater than in other portions of the peninsula, the great noble families are compelled to resort to the most extraordinary stratagems to save appearances. In Naples poor noble families have adopted a system of mutual carriages and horses which is somewhat curious. Five or six families agree to pay the expenses of a luxurious establishment, generally a four-in-hand, with coachman and footmen. The carriage door, with the various coats of arms of the different families, is alone changed, according to the family which uses the carriage. On great occasions these families draw lots to see which shall use the carriage and horses.

But a strange fact is that now, when so many noble families have become impoverished, the Italian government is about to increase the price of titles. In future the man who wishes to bear a prince's crown must pay \$8,000 to the government; to become a duke \$6,000 is sufficient; for \$5,000 one may be a marquis and for \$4,000 a count; \$2,400 is sufficient to become a baron and \$1,000 for the simple prefix "de." These figures apply only to the titles conferred by the king. Besides these royal titles are the dignities conferred by the Pope, with which several American merchants and business men have been honored. These Papal titles are somewhat cheaper than those conferred by the king. At the Vatican a brand-new count may be created for \$2,400 and a marquis for \$3,000. American amateurs should take note of this fact.

It is hardly necessary to add that the proud old Italian aristocrats look down with the greatest contempt on these parvenu noblemen, whether created by the king or the Pope. These proud Italian aristocrats of ancient lineage, such as the Colonna, the Borghese, the Orsini of Rome, the Strozzi of Florence and the Visconti of Milan, consider themselves vastly superior to the most ancient nobles of France and Great Britain and the equals of most royal families. Some of the old Roman nobles even claim direct descent from the days of ancient Rome.—*London Mail.*

EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST HIM.
Young Husband Could Not Convince His Wife He Had Quit Smoking.

He had been married only two weeks, and at the bride's persuasion he had given up smoking. He told his fellow clerks at the freight office all about it, how his wife had insisted upon and how great the sacrifice had been to him. He dwelt on the fact that he had never known what a slave he was to the habit, and that each succeeding day the appetite became stronger and stronger. But he intended to hold out, hard as the struggle was, as it gave his wife such pleasure. He could hold out till the end of the honeymoon, at any rate.

He told the boys that his wife would visit him at the office next day and he would introduce her to all of them. It happened the morning that she came in that the newly married man was not at his desk. He had been called to another part of the building for a minute or two, and it was in those fatal minutes that the boys got in their dreadful work. They had carefully saved all their cigar ends for several days, in expectation of this visit, and placing them on the desk they conducted the bride to her husband's chair. A moment later the husband appeared. She looked at the "snipes" piled up on the desk, and then, with a pained look at her husband, ejaculated, "O, Charles!"

The next morning he came in smoking a cigar. "Couldn't convince her," said the young husband. "So I'm smoking again. I might as well have the game as the name. But it was real low down in you fellows."—*Indianapolis News.*

BONFIRES IN THE WATER.
How They Are Made on Some Icy Lakes in Kansas.

Where ice fields can be burned fuel is hardly to be called expensive. A writer in the Scientific American calls attention to the fact that on the ice-covered surface of a Kansas lake it is possible to have bonfires by simply breaking through the ice and applying a match to the surface of the water. The flames will shoot up as high as a man's head, and will burn brightly for a minute or two, making the lake look as though the ice were on fire.

For several winters it has been possible to have such bonfires on Doniphan Lake, Kansas, and on one of its tributary streams. The fuel for these fires is natural gas. It bubbles up through the water the year round, but it is only during very cold nights that it is temporarily stored under the ice in large

bubbles or pockets, sometimes ten or twenty square yards in extent.

When these pockets are punctured with a chisel and a lighted match is applied the experimenter is rewarded by a roaring flame, before which he may warm his benumbed fingers. He who would try the experiment, however, must be careful to stand between the wind and the jet of gas as he lights it, or he will have his clothing singed before he can get out of the way.

There are places where the gas supply is so abundant as to prevent the ice from forming, except on the very coldest nights. When such places are frozen over they remain covered only a few days, for the gas, coming from a considerable depth in the earth, is so warm that it soon melts a passage through the ice and escapes. Last winter ice fifteen inches thick formed on the lake, and yet some of the areas of gas supply were not frozen over.

Near the spot where one of the creeks enters the lake the water is shallow, and the bottom may easily be seen. Here the gas has formed regular channels up through the mud, and out of these large bubbles of gas are discharged every few seconds. Doniphan Lake is situated about four miles north of Atchison, Kan.

Queensland has postoffice savings banks only, and South Australia has no government banks.

Five new Italian steamships are to be built to ply between Mediterranean ports and New York.

Regina, the headquarters of Canada's Northwestern provinces mounted police, is a typical prairie city.

The Police Board in Chicago has issued an order prohibiting smoking by policemen in uniform, whether on or off duty.

London is to have a religious daily, something on the Sheldon lines, as a regular institution. A. E. Clarks of Wimbeldon is to be the editor.

Railroads of East and West Java have recently been united, so that one can now travel from one end of the island to the other in two days.

The curfew is a recognized institution in twelve municipalities in New York, according to the annual report of State Superintendent of Public Instruction Skinner.

A suit has been brought against the City of New York by a plaintiff who describes himself as "temporary emergency apothecary." His suit is for services rendered.

A London cable tells about an organ grinder who is to become an earl. Might just as well. We have no other use for our aged and indigent organ grinders, anyhow.

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Mayhew W. Bronson, chief of the L

Royal

BAKING POWDER

-Absolutely Pure-

For the third of a century the standard for strength and purity. It makes the hot bread, hot biscuit, cake and other pastry light, sweet and excellent in every quality.

No other baking powder is "just as good as Royal," either in strength, purity or wholesomeness.

Many low priced, imitation baking powders are upon the market. These are made with alum, and care should be taken to avoid them, as alum is a poison, never to be taken in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Expensive Furniture.

"One of the special agents of the Indian bureau is a woman, and she receives a salary of \$8 a day," read Mr. Wintergreen.

"She must sell a good many," commented Mrs. Wintergreen. "But I shouldn't have thought there was such a demand for that sort of a bureau."—Detroit Free Press.

Automatic Renown.

"Kirby could become famous if he weren't so lazy."

"Oh, he will get famous yet."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he takes such good care of himself that he will live to be 100 and be famed for that."—Detroit Free Press.

Coronach is a name formerly used for the funeral dirge among the Irish and Scottish highlanders. The dirge, disused in Scotland, is in Ireland commonly known as the "keening."

Business Opportunities.

Cosmopolitan Agency, 44 Geary St., S. F., offer following bargains: \$800, Nursery, worth double; \$1250, Saloon, worth \$2500; \$500, Book Store, worth \$1000. Bargains in hotels, lodging-houses, saloons, road-houses, houses, lots, lands, partnerships in paying businesses, barber shops, foundries, ranches, bakeries, drylines and livery barns. Free information, and all statements absolutely guaranteed. All commercial languages spoken. We have been established 24 years. Write us.

General Buller has probably decided by this time that he had one stein too many.

Eat Them Like Candy.

Bainy, fragrant, tablets of confection—Cascarets' candy cathartic, the medicine of today. Pills and liquids are out of date. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The days will soon be long enough for a farm hand to do a full day's work.

Carter's Ink is Used Exclusively by the schools of New York, Boston and many other places, and they won't use any other.

It is now up to President Kruger to die a few deaths, just to let the public know he is alive.

Please try a box of Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills if constipated, bilious, sick headache, no appetite, poor digestion, impure blood, and see how good they are. The regular 25c boxes will take care of themselves. At druggists.

Eastern Oregon sheep shearers are talking of forming a barber's union next season.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Cathartic Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Sure, Pat, and why are you wearin' yer coat buttoned up like that on a warm day like this?" "Faith, yer riverence, to hold the shirt off haven't got on."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Piso Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Are you looking for trouble?

No? Then you had better get ready to irrigate your land right now. You've lost several crops by not doing it—do you want to lose another?

Our pumping plants are fully guaranteed. Send full particulars.

Hercules Gas Engine Works
141-143 FIRST STREET
San Francisco

A Friend in Need.

It happened in the early days of Australian history when bushranging was common.

A gentleman was riding along a lonely track through the bush when he heard loud cries for help proceeding from a neighboring grove. Arriving at the spot whence proceeded the cries, he was surprised and shocked to find a man securely tied to a tree.

"What is the matter here?" he asked. "Oh, sir," replied the poor fellow, "I'm so glad you have come! A few hours ago I was stuck up by bushrangers, who rifled my pockets, and, after stealing everything I had except a bundle of notes in my inside breast pocket, which they fortunately overlooked, bound me to this tree and decamped."

"The scoundrels!" ejaculated the newcomer. "Took everything you had except a bundle of notes in your inside pocket, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"The villains! And then they tied you so tightly that you cannot escape?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll take the notes the other fellows left!" And he did.—London Answers.

The Missionary's Ruse.

Cannibal King—Bring on the big gridle and let's roast this fellow.

Captured Missionary—O king, but give me a dose of quinine before I die! You see, I am a victim of the habit. I consume three ounces of quinine every 24 hours.

Cannibal King—I pass this fellow up. I can still taste that quinine fiend we roasted two months ago. Ugh!—Ohio State Journal.

Thought of Him.

Papa—Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away?

Grace—Yes. We heard a man kicking up a great row about his breakfast at the hotel, and mamma said, "That's just like papa."

Revolution in Water Travel.

Experiments have proven that vessels, fitted with propellers which imitate the fish's fin, develop remarkable power. It will cause a revolution in water travel. Men gradually learn that Nature's ways are best. One cause of the remarkable success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the fact that it is a sure cure for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Mrs. Gallagher—An phwat'll Oi do at all, Moike? This machine only goes up to 15 stone, an' Oi'm 15 stone if Oi'm an ounce. Gallagher—Get on twice, Bridget, an' add up th' totals.

HOLT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its new buildings, newly furnished and complete laboratories, beautiful surroundings and hotel infirmary, is one of the best equipped schools for the training of boys and young men on the coast. It is in charge of Dr. Ira G. Holt and is accredited at the universities. Send for catalog. Tenth year begins August 6, 1900.

Benevolent lady—You say you have a wife and six children? Where are they? Beggar—Try it alone. My boys are at Harvard; my girls are at Vassar, and my wife is in Paris visiting the exposition.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c, in Allen's Shoe package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

How Expresses Drop Men.

"While coming from Chicago last week," said a prominent business man to a Mail and Express reporter, "I noticed a peculiar railroad custom which interested me considerably. I happened to be in the last car of the limited when the train stopped in a desolate spot between stations. The rear brakeman, of course, dropped off and went down the track with a flag to warn any train that might be following us. In a moment or two we started up again, but minus the brakeman. I wondered at this, but was still more surprised later on to see the same thing repeated when we were obliged to stop on account of a threatened hot box. Upon inquiry I found that 'this was the custom on fast trains. 'Sometimes, if we have lots of time,' said the conductor, 'we whistle for the men to come in, but in most cases we leave them to be picked up by the next train or to walk to the nearest station.'"

"But isn't that rather hard on the men?" I asked. "Oh, it's all part of the business," he replied. "I have known of cases where men dropped off in this way were frozen to death or waylaid by tramps, but the railroads have to make the time, and that's why it is done. I have seen trains running with only a conductor aboard them at times because the rest of the crew had been left behind in just this way."

The Mistress.

Caller—Is your mistress in? Servant—Faith, Oi dunno. She towld me this mornin' Oi wuz enough to put a saint out. However, Judgin' from thot, ma'am, I guess she's in.—Philadelphia Record.

Straight Road to Health

Is by the way of purifying the blood. Germs and impurities in the blood cause disease and sickness. Expelling these impurities removes the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this and it does more. It makes the blood rich by increasing and vitalizing the red globules and giving it power to transmit to the organs, nerves and muscles the nutrient contained in digested food.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

KODAK AGENCY H. B. Hooper carries a full line of Kodak line of Photographic Goods. Developing & Printing a Specialty, 535 Market St., S. F.

PISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

ONLY A LAUGH.

Only a laugh, but the joy of the hours in it, Dropping so blithely from out of the gloom, Down from the casement that has the red flowers in it, Flooding with sunshine my poor little room.

Only a laugh, but I know well whose choice it is; Oh, I can gauge whose lips that can chaff, Whose is the smiling mouth, whose bubbling voice it is, Putting such perfume in only a laugh!

Only a laugh! My lone life is so shadowy, Tinged with the darkness that solitude grows, Most of the brightness missed, most of its glad away,

Most of its tenderness chilled by the snows. Only a laugh, but so much of the gay in it! Oh, were there love 'twould be sweeter by half! I could forget that my hair has its gray in it! Were it for me more than—only a laugh!

—New York Press.

WHERE PRICES ARE STEADY.

The Mountain Dealer Objected to a Fall For Religious Reasons.

"That reminds me indirectly," said the other drummer, "of a yarn I heard lately over in South Carolina told at the expense of a peculiarly guileless old chap who keeps a little crossroads store up in the mountains. Everybody wears boots in that part of the country, and, as the story goes, the old fellow had been buying his stock for many years of a manufacturer in a big city not 1,000 miles away. He paid \$6 a pair for his boots when he first went into business, and the maker had continued charging him the same figure year after year regardless of the fact that the market price had been steadily going down. The old storekeeper, secluded from the world in his mountain home, never dreamed that he was being fleeced and took pride in paying his bills with clocklike punctuality.

"At last, when that grade of boots was quoted at \$2.50, the manufacturer's conscience smote him, and he decided to make amends. So he wrote the country merchant, saying that there had been a considerable decrease in the price of leather, and he was glad to state that he would be able to let him have the last lot of boots he ordered at \$4 a pair. This, he added, was a special low rate, made on account of personal esteem and the fact that he had been a regular customer for such a long period. A few days afterward the conscientious manufacturer was amazed to receive a letter running something like this:

"Dear Sir—It's mighty kind of you all to offer to let me have them boots at \$4, but I wish you would please keep the price the same as what it was before. I have been selling them boots for \$10 a pair for 12 years, and, being a deacon in the church, I don't think it would be right to take no stronger profit. So no more at present from, yours truly, PETER DOB."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Inspiration.

"What furnishes your inspiration?" they asked of the author.

"My wife," was the reply.

"How lovely!" they cried. "How perfectly idealistic!"

"Yes," he went on, "if the muse ever halts and I feel like loafing on my job, her demand for a new gown or some additional money for household expenses stirs me to renewed effort and puts Pegasus in a gallop."—Chicago Post.

Earthquake shocks nowadays are comparatively slight compared with those that shook the earth millions of years ago.

Lazy men always hurry when they dodge opportunities to make themselves useful.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Europe, in the shape of violent phylax or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip, etc. See Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 322.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

S. F. N. U.

NO. 24, 1900

For Malaria, Chills and Fever

MAKES CHILDREN AND ADULTS AS FAT AS PIGS

MAKES CHILDREN AND ADULTS AS FAT AS PIGS

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION IS

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The formula is plainly printed on every bottle—hence you know just what you are taking when you take Grove's. Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called Tasteless Chill Tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

A Busy Woman

Is Mrs. Pinkham. Her great correspondence is under her own supervision.

Every woman on this continent should understand that she can write freely to Mrs. Pinkham about her physical condition because Mrs. Pinkham is

A woman

and because Mrs. Pinkham never violates confidence and because she knows more about the ills of women than any other person in this country.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured a million sick women. Every neighborhood, almost every family, contains women relieved of pain by this great medicine.

Delay no longer; the remedy that will cure you quickly, satisfactorily and permanently is within your reach. No remedy that has been offered to the afflicted for the cure of

Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach Troubles, Female Complaints, All Blood Diseases

has met with greater success than

ELECTROZONE

It does not merely afford temporary relief but its use produces a permanent cure.

When all other remedies fail, and where the disease baffles the skill of the ablest physician ELECTROZONE will effect a speedy and positive cure.

At druggists. Send for pamphlet to

\$1 bottle. Electrozone Mfg. Co., S. F.

If not obtainable from your druggist it will be sent, charges prepaid, upon receipt of \$1.00 bottle.

Improved Ball-Bearing

\$18 SEWING MACHINE

will do as much work and as great a variety as the highest priced machine sold. Operates on ball-bearings, runs with no noise and little effort. We warrant it satisfactory to the user in use for 10 years. To introduce this machine we will, for a limited time, send our No. 3 style, as illustrated, with attachments, on receipt of this, freight paid. Write today for our Catalogue of Sewing Machines.

PATTOSIEN'S Furniture Exposition Building, corner 16th and Mission Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

MANY SICK WOMEN

Can easily trace their trouble to the blood, but that doesn't help, unless they find a remedy.

Moore's Revealed Remedy

Purifies the blood—makes sick women strong and well. \$1.00 per bottle at the drug store.

CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION

IF write to NATHAN BICKFORD, WASHINGTON, D. C. They will receive quick replies. B. 5th NH Vols Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting Claims Since 1878.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.